THE SALVING OF JOHN SOMERS.

years the shipping men of the Pacific thought and planned and endeavored, with varying fortunes, nothing but the salving of vessels long cast away, or sunken, or dismantled. Freights waited for ships that were not, the world hung on the news of obscure voyages and riches ebbed and flowed under the hasting hands of the wreckers. The story of this may be read in the papers, with all the names, the successes and the tragedies. Nowhere will you find any hint of the history told here. The daily press notes little of such events as the determined rescue of an obscure human being, and there are no quotations in any market for cast, away souls haled into port for refitting. But the great fact remains that John Somers, outcast and disowned and abandoned, came back out of the abandoned, came back out of the southern deeps and played a man's part. He was just as truly salved by Angela Gaskell as any wrecked steamer ever was salved and put back into trade by daring and resourceful men. And the profit that Angela realized—!

Every now and then something happens to mark a man among his fellows. On a succession of blowy March days pens to mark a man among his tellows. On a succession of blowy March days four men landed from four different steamers at Port Townsend, Astoria, Eureka and San Francisco. Each of

Fureka and San Francisco. the four turned his back on the ves-sel that had brought him and made his way quickly to his home. Each said to his wife, his sister, his sweetheart or his daughter: "If it hadn't been for John Somers, I'd ha' missed coming home."
The story of the affairs they referred to may be read, if you like, in any of the papers of that date. It is short, lacking in detail and commonplace, as

Eight survivors of the steam schooner Maximilian were taken off a raft, on which they had spent four days without food or water, yesterday forty miles west of Point Reyes by a boat from the steamer Fortuna. The Maximilian foundered during last week's gale while bound from Puget Sound

to San Diego.

The part that John Somers played in his obscure tragedy escaped the notice the reporters in press of bigger up and down the coast by word of mouth, among wives, sweethearts and daughters, that there was a young seaman of that name who was a hero. At one time and another inquiries were made by soft-voiced women as to his made by soft-voiced women as to his whereabouts and his welfare. But John Somers had vanished into the hustling world, a mote in its great currents. The men who had proclaimed his daring went their ways, and spoke of him no more. Only a woman here and there thrilled when she heard the name "Somers." or grew thoughtful over some item in the news of a like tragedy. Of all who had dreamed of

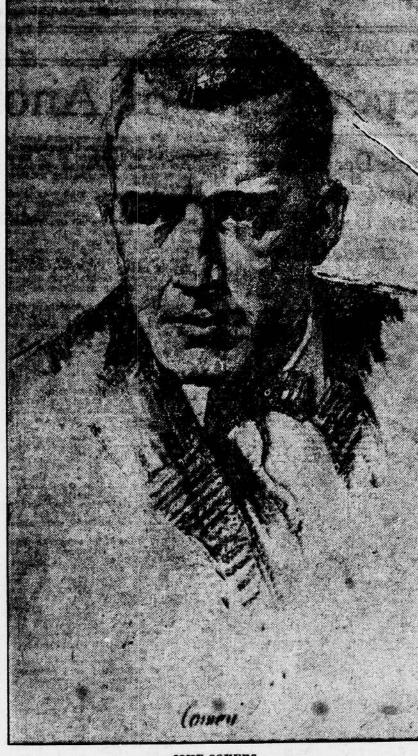
him, but one never forgot him. Angela Gaskell was a prett him, but one never forgot him.

Angela Gaskell was a pretty, well mannered, industrious girl of seventeen when her father had come home from the wreck of the Maximilion and related over the supper table the feats of John Somers. At eighteen she finished her business school course and became a clerk in a shipping office down on Battery street, in

With this description the invisible

movements, and her employer re-marked to his partner: "That Gaskell

John Somers. He is anxious for the Heads and would be berthed that aft-berth, but can offer no references. He is, we believe, a resident of San Francisco. If you can recommend him, we would advise cabling, in which event we shall immediately engage him as personally. Miss Gaskell. And if all



bond? One can't be too careful these capital of \$2,000. Her house was sold. A later mail boat brought her a days, and those Auckland chaps are evidently leary of him." gleam of light shot through her dark-"How much of a bond "Angela ness: Habberd himself had proassed. Claimed that Capt. Somers was only other keepsakes. He wrote:

was content and withdrew. Angela less than one hundred dollars left. fell asleep.

In the morning she returned to the office and resumed her work with exactly the same air as usual. But there was new purposefulness in her remains within two days after soiling. Her there was new purposefulness in her remains within two days after soiling. Here was new purposefulness in her remains within two days after soiling. repairs within two days after sailing pushed forth by grim omnipotence, as if God answered: "You wanted him.

The next two months were never to Here he is."

movements. and her employer remarked to his partner: "That Gaskell girl is all right. I wonder, did the old man leave her anything?"

"Mighty little, I guess." said the other. "But she won't need much She'll marry before long."

The senior rubbed his nose pettishly. "I hope it's not to a fresh-water scoundrel. Nice, fine girls like Miss Gaskell usually do." He blinked and suddenly recalled his wandering thoughts. "Now, about that cable from Ingraham—if the Challenger had been no other steamer wirelessed up that the ship Challenger had been partially downth—"

A month later Angela Gaskell's worth—"

A month later Angela Gaskell's starry eyes suddenly fixed on a name written in the middle of a letter from a New Zealand firm of shipping men. This is what it said:

The next two months were never to be forgotten by Angela. The old ship, after lying for years on an outside reef, had been but hastily refitted she will underman-after lying for years on an outside reef, had been but hastily refitted she was overloaded and underman-ned. It exas doubtful whether she would arrive. For three weeks there had been no word of her. Then a continuous that cable boat had spoken her and reported that she was making good progress. Tell days after that on other steamer wirelessed up that the ship Challenger had been partially dismasted in a gale, and from that day a hurrying transport that the middle of a letter from a word came to satisfy Angela's anxieties. But on the eightieth mornling Mr. Habberd came into the office This is what it said:

* No man here we feel like trusting with the job you have in with swinging step, and announced mind. The best available man is Capt. Ithat the Challenger was inside the total state of the control of the contr

ends well, you'll have our thanks as

"Five thousand dollars."

"I—I could find out at noon," she aid, and escaped.

"technically at fault and that whatever might be said of his business habits, he was a first-class seaman.

ing to the sum so obtained from her savings account in bank, she had less than one hundred dollars left. She asked Habberd for an increase and got it with some difficulty. Her employer was in a had temper. The statement of the same and some sum of the same and some sum of the same sum

Angela reread the passage and put together the details she had gathered about the Challenger. It had been raised from a reef, towed into Auckland for refitting, and her employers had purchased it for a large sum with the intention of bringing the old vessel to San Francisco, and loading her with grain for Europe. Then her eyes rested on the scrawled notation in pencil at the foot of the page:

Well."

Weth a great effort she smiled. When Habberd was gone she stood like stone a while. What was to be done? She had risked this man's being the John Somers her father had spoken of, who had, indeed, saved her father's life. What if it were not? And how was she to explain to him, even if he were the same John Somers. But she knew, as women know page:

however, perfectly polite.

"There is a position open at Gimbal & White's," she told him. "They have a brand-new steamer ready for sea and they are looking for a master for her. Could you see them to-His eyes met hers and she saw the sadness hidden in their depths. "To-morrow? I'll try, ma'am. But I don't suppose it would do much good. A new steamer is too high for me to look, I'm afraid." clear and untroubled. It was exactly is over yonder, over that rise."

"But you?" she choked. "Where are you going?" John Somers duly presented his cre-

dentials to the firm of Gimbal & White, and found himself welcomed with unusual civility. White himself

"I know just what you want to He had responded instantly. say." she said. "The fact of the matter is, nobody would have you without some kind of recommendation. But it struck me as too bad you couldn't get a job."

"But they said-they think I'm gong to be married!" "That's what I told them," Angela returned quietly. "Aren't you?" "But-they said-who do they think

the girl is?" "Does it matter?" she rejoined tartly. "You have the job and you'll get she saw no more of Somers till a better one later—if you keep dusk. He had toiled ceaselessly; the

workers. When she read that John between Somers and a Chinese mer-chant, but in the end the man went Somers' steamer had arrived in Hilo grumbling away and preparations for she shrugged her shoulders. When sea went on. Just before the sun set it returned to San Francisco and she a wagonload of stores had some down discovered that Somers had quit it in and were stowed in the lazarette. She Honolulu she bit her lip and became saw that there was much liquor in only more thoughtful.

"Dear Madam: I couldn't come back and find that girl not waiting for me,

from the wreck. One support table for the feath of John Somers, at inglifers the feath of John Somers, at inglifers the feath of John Somers, and inglifers the feath of John Somers and John

But this er tied her indecision. She aced the truth. She was forever bound to the haggard, sullen man of the Maid of Bath. Youth ul and lovely she was high-spirited and selr-respecting—and she loved him. The feeling which had once been a girl's worship of a strong and debonair and careless hero had grown into a passion with roots deep in her being. He was him. She had asked for him and God had given him to her. In the light of this tremendous fact she laughed—and the was herself into the battle before her.

At the time she kept her secret well.

wintertime lay mistily over the solder gate and bright free burned in the battle before her. At the time she kept her secret well sold-gathoned offices Angela gates and bright free burned in the battle before her. At the time she kept her secret well and the battle before her. At the time she kept her secret was the battle before her. At the time she kept her secret was the battle before her. At the time she kept her secret was the battle before her. At the time she kept her secret was the passed of the and she has been the battle before her. At the time she kept her secret was the battle before her. At the time she kept her secret was the battle before her. At the time she kept her secret was the battle before her. At the time she kept her secret was the battle before her. At the time she kept her secret was the battle before her. At the time she kept her secret was the battle before her. At the time she kept her secret was the battle before her. You have your people need a skipper to a secret was the battle before her. At the secret was the battle before her. At the time she kept her secret was the battle before her. You have your papers—your references and she secret was the battle before her. You have your papers—your references and she passed her secret was the battle before her. You have your papers—your references and the battle before her. You have your papers—your references and the battle before her. You have your papers—your references and the battle before her. You have your papers—your references and the battle before her. You have your papers—your references and the battle before her. You have your papers—your references and the battle before her. You have your papers—your references and the battle before her. You have your papers—your references and the battle before her. You have your papers—your references and your her papers—your references and your he

She saw the muscles of his throat swiftly in toward the beach. She work up and down, the nostrils dimly knew that others were in the twritch, the hands fumble across the sea with them, swimming to safety. tvritch, the hands fumble across the Once on the white beach Somers set trembling lips. But her voice was her on her feet and nodded soberly.

But his next question gave her "Maybe it's not exactly con-

venient for you to go back up-town?
Want to stop here? No place for a lady—but you're welcome."
The reek of the cabin stifled her.
Every sense revolted against another moment's stay in the fetid atmosphere. But the ways affected. phere. But she was afraid of many things. With her at hand he would "I'd rather stay here," she mur-

A moment later she was alone in a fairly clean, empty cabin and a boy had been dispatched for her boxes. straight. I'm very busy, please."

The Porpoise sailed, and Angela went about her work without any response to the sly jokes of her fellow workers. When she read that John cases. But at dark Somers knocked

> "Any mail to go ashore, ma'am?" he asked. "The tug is alongside and we aul out in a minute." "Nothing," she answered through the closed panels, and he went away: The Maid of Eath passed out to sea

on her door.

"Nothing but a flat expanse of rock and sand, ma'am. There's a spring of water on it, a fc w trees and bushes and some wild goats, or wild sheep, so they say. Nobody ever lands there. It's out of the trade routes, ma'am."

She asked a few more questions and found that it was inside a reef through which there was a single narrow pass, difficult of navigation at all times, and impassable in bad weather. Without answering his question she went below after a brief good-night.

In the morning she wakened, after a few hours' uneasy sleep, and went To her inquiries Somers returned surfily: "You insisted on this. There's ino food for those kanakas, so we repaired the small boat as best we could and I sent 'em off."

The shattered the quiet. "Then," he croaked. "you are my wife."

She made no response. Somers moved slightly. "When did with the shattered the quiet. "Then," he croaked. "you are my wife."

In the morning she wakened, after a few hours' uneasy sleep, and went on deck. One of the four native hands was at the wheel, and the Maid of Bath was slipping along over a long swell with a light breeze distending her silent topsails. Somers was asleep in a chair by the rail.

Far to starboard Angela distinguished a low shadow against which bright gilmmering seas broke. She woke him and said gently: "This is the place."

discovered four hands to be missing. To her inquiries Somers returned surlily: "You insisted on this. There's no food for those kanakas, so we repaired the small boat as best we could and I sent 'em off."

Somers smiled. "We'll starve," he responded. She saw, during the following days, the place."

Biolower had purchased it for a large who had, listed, awd had been seed, and offers. If a better carefully same that you had been the list of the seed of the received the fluid on her cheefs to have the same t

again. This time he was rather flushed with drink and she saw that he was naturally imperious. He was, however, perfectly polite.

"There is a position open at Gimbal & White's," she told him. "They have a brand-new steamer ready for sea and they are looking for a master for her. Could you see them to
Somers recoiled with an oath. She saw the muscles of his throat swiftly in toward the heach. She

By John Fleming Wilson

John somers and the of Gimbal & dentities of Gimbal & White and tell them you saw shelp for you. Captain: Will you go a most known of Gimbal & White and tell them you go a deposition of Gimbal & White and tell them you go a most of Gimbal & White and tell them you go a most of Gimbal & White and tell them you go a most of Gimbal & White and tell them you go a most of Gimbal & White and tell them you go a most of Gimbal & White and tell them you go a most of Gimbal & White and tell them you go a most of Gimbal & White and tell them you go a most of Gimbal & White and tell them you go a most of Gimbal & White and tell them you go a most of Gimbal & White and tell them you go a most of Gimbal & White and tell them you go a most of Gimbal & White and tell them you go a most of Gimbal & White and tell them you go a good on the sand and good of the same of Gimbal & White and tell them you go a good of Gimbal & White and tell them you go a good of Gimbal & White and tell them you go a good of Gimbal & White and tell them you go a good of Gimbal & White and tell them you go a good of Gimbal & White and tell them you go a good of Gimbal & White and tell them you go a good of Gimbal & White and tell them you go a good of Gimbal & White and tell them you go a good of Gimbal & White and te

A LONG, Hard Fight Against Heavy .. A Odds; a Woman's Fight for the Man She Loves; and, Running Through It All, Ships and the Sea, Told With John Fleming Wilson's Characteristic Skill and Understanding.

milian. You were a hero in my eyes | vanquishment was futile. His at

effort, which left her shaking, Angela on the story of the marriage license, forced herself to point to a case which Somers had brought ashore after an hour's hard work and instantly brokband. He did not look up. He sat en open.
"When that's gone we'll talk, Capt. still and silent, like an image in the white sand of that desert islet, sur-An ugly gleam showed in his eyes and he said nothing in reply. But three days later Angela walked from her chosen retreat among some low sweat that stood out in drops of sweat that stood out in drops of

ANGELA GASKELL.

She saw, during the following days, on.

crouched apart, her eyes stony, her

clear and untroubled. It was exactly is as if she were speaking to a man who was buried all but his eyes; and into them she looked.

"There is time yet," she said. "But we niust sail tonight."

Where?

Who are you?" He rose and leaned

"You'll do a while, ma'am. The spring is over younder, over that rise."

"But you?" she choked. "Where are you going?"

"But you?" she choked. "Where are you going?"

He clipped his words. "Back to the schooner to save what food and stuff in the was fine and splendid and noble. Then—"

Somers groaned. "Then you saw what food away shamefaced, humbly."

"You'll do a while, ma'am. The spring im lian. You were a left of in the yeys.

"But you?" she choked. "Where are you going?"

He clipped his words. "Back to the schooner to save what food and stuff in only."

I can. There'll be no help for us hole. Then—"

Somers groaned. "Then you saw shamefaced, humbly."

Somers bent nearer. "And are you content—to be my wife?"
She gave him no other response than an almost imperceptible faint movement.
Silently they watched the evening stars come out in the velvet sky. At the zenith a raveling of cloud reflected for an instant the last ray of the departed sun and then faded into the depths of the overarching vault. The wind sighed across the islet with a breath moist and fragrant, whispered in the bushes and died away. Their hands found each other.

found each other.

"We will build our house on a hill above the Golden Gate," he muttered.

"then when I'm coming home you can stand on the porch and wave to me and

stand on the porch and wave to me and our ship."

"Our ship." she murmered.

"Our ship." Somers repeated firmly. "A big boy, a liner, all white decks and brass work, with our own pennant at the truck. And our house, with the plate on the step telling the peddlers to keep off. Our dog lying in the sun and our cat by the kitchen fire." He drew a deep breath.

"When?" she whispered dreamily.

Far out at sea a spark of light kindled, threaded faintly upward, suddenly shot a cluster of stars into the sky. Somers leaped to his feet and tore off his thin jacket and held it high. He scratched a match and set fire to it. The cotton blazed up furiously a moment, and smoldering tissue floated off downward.

"There's the cutter Polar Bear," he

downward.
"There's the cutter Polar Bear," he said slowly.
"The boys reached port and sent help. Bix weeks from now we'll be home—Mr. and Mrs. John Som-She crept up into his arms and cheek one crept up into his arms and cheek to cheek they watched a second rocket soar high and break into a bright constellation above the single broken spar that marked the wreck of the Maid of Bath and the end of John Somers' cast-

ing away. (Copyright, Ridgway Co. Printed by arrangement with the Metropolitan Newspaper Service.

According to Orders.

French press condemned the settlement of the German coal question by the allied conference," said Judge Burleson at a dinner given in his honor at the Lawyers' Club in Louisville. "They s

in his honor at the Lawyers club in Louisville. "They said it was unjust to France and contrary to the Versailles treaty."

"But Lloyd George denied this, and answered them bluntly that the trouble was with the French press. They wanted to give the treaty an interpretation of their own."

Judge Burleson laughed.

"Like old Calhoun Clay and his doctor's advice, I suppose," he said.

"Calhoun's pastor encountered him one night prowling around a dark country lane.

"It's pretty damp, Calhoun,' remonstrated the pastor, "for a man with rheumatism, like you, to be wandering about at night."

"Wal, sah,' replied Calhoun, Tse follerin' de doctah's advice, sah.'

"Why! exclaimed the pastor, 'did the doctor really tell you to be out at night?"

"Not exactly, sah,' said Calhoun, but he said I needed chicken." at night?
"'Not exactly, sah,' said Calhoun,
'but he said I needed chicken.'"

A Non-Literary Lady.

AN author said at a dinner in Bos-

ton: "It's no use complaining about the quality of American fiction, for this fiction is the kind the public wants. "A novelist told me the other day "A novelist told me the other day that he once toured our city in a 'seeing Boston' automobile. The automobile rolled through the Back Bay district and the guide pointed out the stately mansions of the sristocracy.

"Then a lady touched his arm.

"Say, guide, she said, 'I've heard a lot about the great Oliver Wendell hemes of Boston. Show us a few, you marry—marry me?"
"Oh!" she sobbed.
"You made a game of it," he went on. "What a game! And you couldn't find me at the last, and so

Pure Fiction.

She saw, during the following days, that this wae the truth.

The island afforded no food whatever, except the flesh of a few wild sheep, could they kill them. But Angela's thoughts were little on this subject. At last she was face to face with destiny—and John Somers. They were alone in the midst of a lonely sea, without hope of rescue; for she knew that there was small chance of the frail small boat, and its crew ever arriving anywhere.

on. "What a game! And you couldn't find me at the last, and so you went right on and played the game alone and said you were married to me, and took my name and came down here." His eyes flared over her an instant. "You are young and beautiful and clean and fine. Any man might be proud. But it—it is too late!"

She sprang to her feet at those sin-lister and ominous words. "Too late?" him by a Ne minds me of "THERE is more fiction than I truth in that rumor," said Gov. Smith, in reply to a question put to him by a New York reporter. "It reminds me of the story of the miner's

minds me of the story of the story prosperity.

"The miner in this story," continued the governor, "returned from work one Saturday night and drew a big roll of bills from his overall pocket.

"How much de ye want this week.
Sal? he asked his wife, genially.

"Gracious goodness, Lew, give us a chance!" the wife remonstrated. 'I ain't hardly got started in on last ain't hardly got started in on last

Putting Her Foot in It. TRVIN S. COBB talked recently at

Greenwich Village about tact. "Tact," he said, "is a priceless and rare art, which sometimes gets us in hot water when we try to practice it.
Like the young Red Cross nurse.
"Meeting this young lady during
the war at a luncheon in Tours, I happened to remark:
"I am looking round, you see."
"Oh, not so very, Mr. Cobb,' the
kind-hearted girl remonstrated, tact-"What if there is " he returned calmly, but his face was hot.

Angela stamped her foot. "Yes or no?"

Crime and Cocaine.

WILLIAM J. BURNS, the detective, was displeased with the work of one of his squad last month, and ber you perfectly. I saw you first when I came into Habberd's office to report the Challenger. Then I saw you in Gimbal's place and you got me you in Gimbal's place and you got me that job on the Porpoise. It must what if there is?" she crief "What if there is?" she crief the man sneered—"I guess this means, where it is the man sneered—"I guess this means the man sneere I'd make a great detective if I took enough 'coke." Mr. Burns shook his head sadly.
"George," he said, "there ain't that
much coke."

A Judge of Horses.

THE late William K. Vanderbilt was a great horseman. An American in Paris once shows Mr. Vanderbilt a horse. "I've got to part with the old girl."

the American said. "What do you think I can sell her for?"

Mr. Vanderbilt looked at the mare critically.

"If she only had a hump," he said, "you might sell her for a camel."